Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords call Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they ſay that I haue dream'd,
And ſlept aboue ſome fifteene yeare or more.
Lady. I, and the time ſeeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, ſeruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndreſſe you, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, Let me intreate of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not ſo, vntill the Sun be ſet.
For your Phyſitions haue expreſſely charg'd,
In perill to incurre you former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.
Beg. I, It ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I will therefore tarrie in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedie,
For ſo your Doctors hold it verie meete,
Seeing too much ſadneſſe hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurſe of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thouſand harmes, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Commontie, a Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuffe.
Beg. What houſhold ſtuffe.
Lady, It is a kind of hiſtory.
Beg. Well, we'l ſee't:
Com Madam wife ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, wee ſhall nere be yonger.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee faire *Padua*, nurſerie of Arts,

I, am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My truſtie ſeruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of Learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father firſt
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuolij*,
Vicentio's ſonne, brought vp in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudie,
Vertue and that part of Philoſophie
Will I applie, that treates of happineſſe,
By verue ſpecially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with ſacietie ſeekes to quench his thirſt.
Tra. Me Pardinato, gentle maiſter mine:
I am in all affected as your ſelfe,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolue,
To ſucke the ſweets of ſweete Philoſophie.
Onely (good maſter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no ſtockes I pray,
Or ſo deuote to *Ariſtotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-caſt quite abiur'd:
Balke Logicke with acquaintaince that you haue,
And practiſe Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muſicke and poeſie vſe, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes and the Metaphyſickes
Fall to them as you finde your ſtomacke ſerues you
No profit growes where is no pleaſure ta'ne:
In briefe ſir, ſtudie what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou adui